

The Musical World.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

Terms of Subscription, per Annum, 16s.; Half year, 8s.; Three Months, 4s.; (Stamped Copies 1s. per Quarter extra Payable in advance, to be forwarded by Money Order, to the Publishers, Myers & Co., 22, Tavistock-st., Covent Garden).

No. 50.—VOL. XXIX.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1851.

Price Fourpence.
Stamped Fivepence

CICELY NOTT.

It is to the enterprising, intelligent, and we may add, in this instance, the provident and fortunate Jullien, that we are indebted for the appearance in public of the above young and charming artiste, who, as the *Times* observes, is in all probability destined to hold a high rank in her profession. It was Jullien who first discovered her talent, and brought her talent to light. It cannot be forgotten that it was Jullien who introduced our great English tenor, Sims Reeves, to the public, having first found him, and heard him in one of the Italian States, where, not unlikely, to this day—unless moved homewards by friendship, love, patriotism, or remembrance—he might have been delighting small potentates and their subjects with his fiery strains, had not the great conductor heard and felt his power, and transported him from the burning south to the frigid north; from the banks of the Adige, or Po, or shores of the Bay of Naples, to the quays of the Thames; from the Fenice, San Carlos, or La Scala, to Drury Lane, Exeter Hall, or the Hanover Rooms. But many Sims Reeves' could not at all times be discovered, and so, having no new stars with which to irradiate the public, Jullien contented himself for several years with acknowledged celebrities, and made his triumphs green with the laurels of a Persiani, a Jetty Treffz, a Miss Dolby, or a Miss Bassano. Nor must it be overlooked that, among his other discoveries, Jullien, the Columbus of the new artistic world, sweeping his intellectual telescope over Europe, lighted his 'gaze upon Bottesini, saw his splendour and glory, directed the world's attention thereto, and fixed him for ever among the stars of the first magnitude.

Some two or three years since, Jullien, for the first time heard Miss Cicely Nott sing in private. He soon discovered that she had a splendid organ, and was possessed of excellent musical abilities, and thinking it pity her talents should be wasted—as her father was a man of moderate means, and unable to spare sufficient money to bestow a liberal education—he resolved to make suitable provisions for her instruction, and to provide her the most competent masters. Jullien, accordingly, had Miss Cicely Nott placed at the Royal Academy of Music, where she learned the art in all its branches, and procured the celebrated vocal professor, Emanuel Garcia, brother of Malibran, and teacher of Jenny Lind, as her singing master. Of course, Jullien has borne all the expenses up to the present moment, and will continue to do so until Miss Cicely Nott's education be completed. At the Royal Academy the

young pupil made great proficiency in her studies, and at this moment constitutes one of the brightest examples of the sound and admirable teaching of that establishment.

Miss Cicely Nott's voice is a true high soprano—the voice *sfogato* of the Italians—of the same register as that of Jenny Lind, Persiani, &c. She is, as far as appearance guides us, between eighteen or nineteen years of age. In person she is slender, elegant, and *distingue*, and her features are highly intelligent and expressive. Altogether Cicely Nott is an exceedingly prepossessing young lady, and a vocalist already of considerable acquirements, largely endowed by nature, and of transcendent promise. Miss Cicely Nott, however, is too young yet to sing in public, more especially in a large theatre, and in presence of a large audience. At eighteen or nineteen years of age the voice is not formed, and requires the utmost tenderness in the treatment. Singing too frequently, or too loudly, under such circumstances, is pernicious to the singer. Miss Cicely Nott, should, then, confine her efforts to singing frequently in her own room—where she may practise all day without disadvantage, by judicious exercise—and sing rarely in public. Let her not be led away with the idea that she can become a Malibran or a Persiani before she is out of her teens, or has left off the trammels of her novice. Every singer must bide his time, and no man or woman was ever a great artist before five or six-and-twenty—and many more after than at that period of life. Wherefore, let not the fair and talented Cicely jump at the moon, and fancy, because she is now the idol of the moment in public, and fed high with praises at Lord Blank's or the Dowager Blotche's, at mid-winter parties, when no one is in town, no excitement stirring, and a strange sensation is the more welcome on that account, that she has nothing more to learn; that her voice is of perdurable toughness, and immortal, and of india-rubber extensibility; that her throat is of brass, and her lungs of pounden buff; her stamina that of the boa, that can digest Witney blankets, with coloured selvages, and thrive on them; and that she may now sit with her basket of eggs before her, and reckon the chickens before they are hatched. Take care of the eggs, Cicely; they are very good eggs, and each, if looked to, will bring forth a bird destined to lay golden ones. But you must provide a hen, Cicely, and see that Mother Partlet be clacking, provident, and no nest leaver, else your eggs may not come to fruitful issue, or the chickens be spoiled in the rearing. Look to the future, Cicely, and let the present be but as the prologue to the golden round which Fortune awaits to crown you withal. And so farewell, fair Cicely, for a

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brief while, when we shall have more to discover of thee, and thy histories and pretensions, and manifold interests. Meanwhile, go not too frequently, and sing not too often, nor too loudly, at my Lord Blank's or my Lady Blotche's—the dowager's—and be sure to keep your feet dry. This is wholesome advice.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

Although no lover of good music could have felt otherwise than pleased to hear so fine a performance of Haydn's *Seasons* as that with which, in presence of a densely crowded audience, the Sacred Harmonic Society inaugurated its renewed series of performances at Exeter-hall, it is open to discussion whether such a work can, by any process of reasoning, be made to tally with the great object for which the society was originally projected, and which, since its foundation, the members have strenuously endeavoured to carry out. It is mere sophistry to attempt to impose a sacred character upon the *Seasons*. There is nothing sacred about it. The music of Haydn, like the poem of Thompson, is, for the most part, descriptive. Had the committee simply announced that a performance of the *Seasons*, by the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society, under the direction of Mr. Costa, would take place at Exeter-hall, without including it among the features of their regular plan, there would have been no room for cavil. But it is very questionable whether hunting and bacchanalian choruses, and compositions so essentially profane, not to say vulgar, as the duet "My constant, lovely Jane," and the air with chorus, "There was a squire, as I've heard say" (both, by the way, insipid and commonplace effusions), can be considered as legitimate *media* of edification to an assembly gathered together for the ostensible purpose of listening to the oratorios of those grave and renowned composers who drew their inspirations from the text of Scripture. That the *Seasons*, Haydn's last great effort, is rarely heard entire at the present time, even at our provincial festivals, is true; but the work itself has no more to do with the principles upon which the existence and prestige of the Sacred Harmonic Society are based, than the *First Walpurgis Night* of Mendelssohn. With the *Passions* and motets of Sebastian Bach, a few oratorios of Handel, the psalms and services of Mendelssohn, Cherubini, Mozart, &c., some rarely, others never, performed—not to speak of several oratorios by modern composers—to select from, there was, we conceive, no absolute necessity for the Sacred Harmonic Society to depart from its ancient professions, and, overstepping the limits of sacred music, to enter the domain of art which properly belongs to the concert-room and the theatre. These objections stated, we have nothing but praise to accord to the execution of Haydn's *Seasons*, which was honourable to all concerned, and worthy of the reputation of the society and of its conductor (Mr. Costa), to whose energy and admirable talent so much of its actual prosperity must be attributed.

So familiar to the musical public are the origin, design, merits, and general character of Haydn's celebrated *cantata*,—of which, though the whole is seldom presented, the most striking pieces are constantly brought forward,—that it would be superfluous to enter into any description of it, either historical or analytic. It is enough to suggest, that, composed in 1800 (two years after the *Creation*), and first produced in England in 1813, it is regarded by many competent judges as the capital work of the master. We cannot, how-

ever, entertain that opinion, holding, as we do, that Haydn shone far more as a symphonist, and composer of instrumental music for the chamber, than as a vocal writer. True, his canzonets, and other songs, are deservedly esteemed; and, though his operas are forgotten, there are so many beauties, and such an inexhaustible vein of melody, both in the *Creation* and the *Seasons*, that, while they cannot reasonably be compared to those masterpieces of Handel and Mendelssohn, which have employed the resources of vast bodies of choral and instrumental executants with the most magnificent effect, they will always remain popular favourites, and possibly endure longer than many of the more profound and ingenious productions of their composer, who, in one especial branch, did more for the art than any other master. Haydn may be said to have invented and perfected the orchestral symphony; but in the higher dramatic element, in passion, and in sublimity, he was deficient—which is plainly shown—in works where such gifts, if possessed, would naturally have been demonstrated. With all its richness of melody, its clever and varied instrumentation, its spirit and its playfulness, the *cantata* of the *Seasons* presents evidences of the *perruque*, quite sufficient to prove that the materials of which it is composed were not imperishable. And here we may appropriately cite Haydn's own words after having completed the work:—"I have done. My head is no longer what it was; formerly ideas came to me unsought; I am now obliged to seek for them; and for this I feel that I am not formed." The great musician knew, better than any other, that the freshness and spontaneity of his invention had departed.

We have already hinted that the performance was first-rate. The orchestra and chorus had been evidently well trained by Mr. Costa, and there was scarcely a point to criticise in the execution. The chief vocalists, too, Miss Birch, Messrs. Lockey and H. Phillips, sang the recitatives, airs, and concerted pieces allotted to them with the best possible effect. Nevertheless, the attention of the audience, in many places, sensibly flagged, and a feeling of tameness and monotony was more than once made evident. The most striking executive displays of the evening were in the choruses, "Hark! the merry-toned horn," and "Shout, boys, shout," (Part III.—Autumn), the first of which, where the difficult horn *obligato* was skilfully played by Mr. Jarret, elicited a loud and unanimous encore. The same compliment was paid to Miss Birch for her spirited delivery of the air and chorus "There was a Squire." The fact that the parts of the *cantata* which gave most pleasure, and induced the audience to break through the wholesome regulation of altogether eschewing applause and repetitions, were precisely those the furthest removed from the sacred tone and character, may serve as a corollary to the objections we have urged.

Mr Costa was received with enthusiasm. The only important change remarked in the orchestra was the substitution of Signor Piatti for Mr. Lindley, as principal violoncello. The "father of the orchestra" may console himself, on retiring from public life, with the assurance that the place he has occupied with so much distinction for more than half-a-century will be worthily filled by his young and gifted successor now, beyond comparison, the first violoncellist in Europe. We must not conclude without a word of commendation for Professor Taylor's English version of the words, which, besides being far superior to the old one, adheres as closely to the text of the poet Thomson, where that is practicable, as the exigencies of the music allow. The next performance of the Sacred Harmonic Society will be the *Messiah*, on Tuesday, the 23rd inst.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Mr. Charles Hallé's Fourth Classical Chamber Concert took place on Thursday the 4th. The programme was as follows:

PART I.

Quartette, pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello,
(in G minor) Mozart
Song—"The Mill-stream," Schubert
Grand Sonata—pianoforte (in C, op. 53) Beethoven

PART II.

Grand sestett, pianoforte, two violins, viola, violoncello, and contra-basso, (in E flat, op. 30) Onslow
Song—"The Alpine Horn" Proch
Miscellaneous selection, pianoforte, (in C sharp minor, op. 56) Heller—Chopin

We are afraid your readers will think we deal too much in hyperbole or fulsomeness in speaking, every fortnight, of the above *recherché* concerts. We cannot, certainly, write at all satisfactorily to ourselves about them; language fails us to express our feeling; and such as is at our command—wonder—delight—&c., loses its force and power of expression from constant repetition. Nathless, we must essay our best to report the fourth of this interesting series of concerts, however meagre and inadequate our record may appear to ourselves or to those of your readers, who can truly and heartily appreciate this classical school of chamber music. The feeling that oppresses us most, is, that nothing we can say, can do justice to Hallé himself; it is not only as the great pianist—the great interpreter of Beethoven's mighty conceptions for the pianoforte—but we have to speak in the highest terms of him, as the originator in Manchester, of this high class of vocal entertainment, and of his taste and judgment in the admirably varied selections he gives us as specimens of every variety of the chief writers for this particular school. We were particularly struck with this on glancing at the programme given above; here was a novelty, in a sestett for five-stringed instruments and pianoforte, by Onslow, that never was before heard in public, in Manchester; so it is, every concert differs remarkably from those which have gone before—yet is there no deterioration from the high standard already established.

With these remarks, we commence our task of reporting, in some faint degree, our impression of Hallé's last concert. The performers were chiefly as before. In addition to Hallé, Baetens was the tenor; Lidel, violoncello; Waud, contrabasso; to which were added, as first and second violin, two brothers, Messrs. Mollenhauer, who are and have been, for some time, resident here. Mozart's quartet, for violin, viola, violoncello, with pianoforte (in G minor), introduced to us one of the brothers as first violin; Lidel, Baetens, and Hallé, of course, completing the quartet. It was no slight disadvantage to M. Mollenhauer, that he should appear at these concerts so immediately after Herr Molique—it is a comparison forced upon us, under which few would appear advantageously. Molique's peculiar clearness of tone, we believe, is totally unsurpassed by any living artist, save Alard, (whom we never had the pleasure of hearing), consequently, it is no discredit to M. Mollenhauer, that in this especial particular he could not compare with his predecessor. Setting this aside, his performance was more than respectable; it was clever and artistic. Baetens, Hallé, and Lidel were all that could be desired, consequently Mozart's quartet was not only a fine example of that great master, but a most perfect performance. The Andante was very beautiful, quite *Mozartean*, and full of beauty, a flowing run taken by the left hand on the pianoforte—then by each string instrument in turn, was a very marked feature, and the

full harmonies had quite a hymnal solemnity. The quartet was warmly applauded at its close. Hallé's performance of Beethoven's sonatas is surely the *ne plus ultra* of perfection. We have more than once listened with feelings of delight and astonishment at his performance of the one given on this occasion (the one in C, op. 53) but the 'appetite grows by what it feeds on' at each re-hearing, we are more and more entranced and spell-bound, listening most intently and rapturously whilst he is playing, regretting it is over when the sounds cease to fall on our enraptured ear, and our mind dwelling on the performance for hours afterwards. This is a feature peculiar to Hallé and his classical performances. We can remember no other solo player on any instrument that produced this *after* effect upon us that we have vainly attempted to describe. There is another charm in hearing Hallé play a sonata that we have heard from his hands before, in the familiar remembrance of former delight, that is vividly brought before us, and the pleasurable anticipation of beauties again to be rung in our ears, that we know must come during its performance. All this (and much more that we cannot describe) we felt on listening to Hallé's last sonata.

The second part of the concert opened with the marked feature we before alluded to, namely, Onslow's Sestett for pianoforte, two violins, viola, violoncello, and contra basso (in E flat op. 30). Hallé's subscribers may indeed be grateful to him, not only for the introduction of two clever violinists to them, in the Messrs. Mollenhauer, but for the first hearing of a very clever composition like this. We have heard chamber music by Onslow of a high character before, especially one or two of his quintets, but none boasting such beauty, variety, and excellence as this sestett. The other M. Mollenhauer now appeared as first violin, his brother taking the second; the way in which they attacked some of the most difficult passages, shewed they were masters of what was set before them; and notwithstanding a thinness of tone, (which was perhaps fancied from having Signor Molique so lately) they performed their part gracefully and well. Baetens delighted us more than ever. After Hill perhaps we are inclined to rank him as first tenor in England; anything more pure, oily, and flowing than his solo bits, or more equal than his tone throughout (being distinctly heard yet not too prominent) we never listened to. Lidel was equally fine; there was a passage of great beauty in unison for first violin and violoncello in the minuet, and a solo passage no less beautiful in the "Andante con Variazioni," for the violoncello, which showed Lidel to great advantage, and M. Mollenhauer acquitted himself exquisitely in the unison bit, with its graceful close. In one part was a peculiar wailing cry given out first by the violin and repeated in their different tones successively by tenor, violoncello, and pianoforte. There was another passage for the whole six *crescendo* united, it became a most powerful forte, when we could have imagined a full orchestra had stolen into the hall unperceived to join their forces to the sestett. Hallé was unobtrusive and unassuming as usual—yet the presiding genius throughout. We cannot particularize each movement; the impression on a first hearing was redolent of beauty, melody, harmony—a most impartial display of each instrument in turn—and a clever combination of them in concert together—technical terms are beyond us, we speak as one of a delighted audience, not as a musician. Hallé's selection was again a great treat, a serenade of Heller (in C sharp minor, op. 56) and two of Chopin's extraordinary Mazurkas. On Hallé's coming forward to play them he was received at first with a hearty round of applause, prolonged until the audience seemed to recollect all at once, that it was to Hallé they were indebted for all this intellectual feast, when the clapping of hands grew into a regular burst of enthusiasm—

a genuine tribute to Hallé—which he must have felt from its variety Hallé's audience are most enthusiastic and apt listeners, but it is seldom they are loud in their plaudits. Mr. Perring we are glad to see again the solo vocalist; he gave us, with his usual good taste, in the first part, Schubert's (query, Curschman's?) "Mill Stream," accompanied by Hallé; in the second Proch's "Alpine Horn," in Italian, accompanied by himself; he was much and deservedly applauded. There is a finish and refinement about Perring which admirably qualifies him to sing at these chamber concerts.

The next is fixed for Thursday, the 8th instant.

The Messrs. Mollenhauer, we perceive, are about to give a concert at the Town Hall on Friday, the 12th instant, which we hope to see fully attended. Hallé and Lidel are engaged. Miss Scott, of Liverpool, as vocalist.

Again, after writing our notice of Hallé's concert, have we seen the *Manchester Guardian's* critique, which again agrees very much with the above as to the instrumental performances. We notice it solely on account of the very harsh treatment (to say the least of it,) of Mr. Perring; our poor judgment is totally opposed to that of the writer, whose remark we shall not give increased currency to by quoting, but leave the public to determine on the merits and demerits of Mr. Perring. His singing was exceedingly neat and finished. His accompaniment to Proch's song that of a thorough musician.

At the Theatre Royal, we perceive the benefits are fast bringing the season to a close. Mr. Charles F. Anthony, the chorus master, we are glad to see, takes a benefit on Thursday next for the first time; his unseen but useful labours deserve a bumper. It is rather unfortunate that Mr. Seymour should have accidentally fixed on the same night, for the first of a short series of four of his quartet concerts, which of course cannot now be helped. We wish well to both. Mr. Seymour has secured Mr. Perring as vocalist, and a Miss Samson is announced as solo pianiste (a pupil of Mendelssohn's). Thomas, Baetens, and Lidel will, we presume complete the quartet.

THE RECENT EVENTS IN PARIS.

[The following from a Correspondent of *The Times*, in the impression of Saturday, December 6th, will probably have some interest for musical readers.—ED.]

As witness of some of the events of the last few days in Paris, and of the effect produced by them on the temper and deportment of the inhabitants, I have traced a few hurried remarks, which may, perhaps, be considered not without interest by your numerous readers, at a moment when all that comes from the French side of the channel is looked for with so much anxiety. Although anticipations of a *coup d'état* had been entertained and whispered in the *cafés* and public places for some time previous, the effect of the wholesale and decisive mandates posted and circulated all over Paris on Tuesday morning was electric, and the excitement universal. The Boulevards were unusually crowded. At the doors of the principal *cafés* and the corners of the principal streets dense groups were seen discussing with noisy vociferations the important and unexpected intelligence. There was no interruption, however, to the business and amusements of these immense thoroughfares which cut Paris into halves. The shops remained open and the *cafés* were crowded. As from time to time the military passed to and fro, the continued shouts of "*Vive la République*" had little of anger in their tone, and seemed rather like the friendly admonition of the people to their armed defenders, a memento of the cause which they

both might be supposed to cherish. To a stranger, strolling leisurely where "circulation" was not impracticable, the scene bore the semblance of a carnival, and the passage of the military a pageant which attracted the attention and excited the cheers and applause of the populace. Meanwhile, however, as you know, events were being consummated and decrees enforced in other parts of the city, remote from that line of fashion and gaiety which stretches from the boulevard Montmartre to the Chaussée d'Antin, with a decision and severity that plainly declared there was no child's play on hand. On the previous evening (Monday) the Opera Comique was crammed to suffocation, the attraction being the *Château de la Barbe Bleue*, a new opera by M. Limnander, a young composer, who had acquired considerable reputation by his first essay, *Les Monténégrins*. All Paris was there, and the *feuilletonistes* looked as grave and attentive as though they were going to write their critiques as usual, and as though if written they would be printed, and if printed, read. M. Cavaignac and M. Thiers were among the audience, and strange enough, by the side of the former sat M. de Morny, Minister of the Interior, the only one who could be persuaded to affix his signature to those decrees of the President which on the following morning awoke the astonishments of the Parisians. On the evening of Tuesday, although grave forebodings of disaster had already spread themselves throughout the city, the Théâtre Italien was filled by a brilliant and well-dressed audience, to witness the *débüt* of the tenor, Guasco, in *Ernani*. A short calm, a brief suspension of military operations, and unimpeded circulation in the Boulevard des Italiens were enough to quiet the apprehensions of this amusement-loving people, whose elasticity of temperament is one of their most signal characteristics. The *foyer* this time was not in the theatre, but on the Boulevards, where numbers of the audience hurried, between the acts, to inform themselves about the aspect of affairs. Seeing nothing, however, but a moving crowd, hearing nothing but the same monotonous cry of "*Vive la République*," as the military passed up and down, they returned to the theatre, and for a time forgot the threatened crisis in the singing of Mdle. Cruvelli, the Elvira of the evening. After the opera had terminated most of the *cafés* were still open, and some few of them did not close their doors until an unusually late hour.

On the morning of Wednesday, and up till 2 o'clock in the afternoon, there was nothing in the *beaux quartiers* but the crowds of promenaders, passing without hinderance, and the groups at the doors of the *cafés*, to indicate that Paris was on the brink of a crisis. In the *cafés* there was a universal game of dominoes, the suspension of so many of the public journals, offering the *habitués* but a scanty supply of literary food. In the streets the vendors of the *Patrie* were more than usually numerous, and more than usually obstreperous. Later in the afternoon, however, as rumours of barricades and massacres floated up from the remoter and less fortunate departments of St. Martin and St. Antoine, the dominoes gradually ceased rattling, many persons stole quietly home, and a gloom began to settle upon the faces of the mob, whose cries of "*Vive la République*," hollow, suppressed, and at rarer intervals, assumed a tone of menace, as though a storm were not far behind. The physiognomy of the military, moreover, worn and fatigued by fast and waking, was more serious, stern, and anxious than before; no longer the gay and showy pageant in which acrobats, cuirassiers, and guides were but as glittering effigies of the reality—the figures of a gigantic puppet-show—but a real military display, a threat and an admonition to the crowd, who, in the features of their armed compatriots on horse and foot, found no sympathy and read no hope. The disastrous

attempts of MM. Madier de Montjau, Esquiro, and Baudin, to form barricades in the Rue St. Marguerite, and the accredited report of the deaths of two out of three representatives of the Mountain, spread consternation among the groups, and gradually emptied the *cafés* of their visitors. One noticeable difference was remarked in the aspect of the crowd on Tuesday and Wednesday. On Tuesday a vast number of *blouses* and *ouvriers* was noticed; on Wednesday the appearance of these ancient abettors of revolution was exceedingly rare. Scarcely any of them, indeed, were observed. To some this brought confidence, to others fear. The latter thought, and not without a show of reason, that if the *blouses* were absent, almost to a man, it was presumptive evidence they were elsewhere more gravely occupied, and this by no means improved the prospect of what was likely to take place on the morrow—more especially since it was currently reported that the Socialists had been summoned by their chiefs to meet and consult that night.

From 9 o'clock p.m. the more dangerous parts of the Boulevards were comparatively deserted. Accompanied by a friend, I walked as far as the Boulevard du Temple; but with the exception of a few dispersed mobs, retreating at the approach of the military, there was nothing to disturb the almost dead tranquillity. From an individual in one of the flying groups, who had taken shelter in a *café*, we learnt that two of the people had been killed in an encounter, and that their bodies had been carried about by some of the boldest of their comrades, who made them a pretext to excite commotion; but that after a short period the corpses were captured by a detachment of soldiers, and despatched in an omnibus to an adjacent hospital. After midnight large bodies of military invested the Café de Paris, Tortoni's, and the Maison Dorée (one of the principal resorts of those Parisians who turn night into day.) The stragglers who were returning home from late reunions, were ordered off the great thoroughfare, and compelled to gain their domiciles by circuitous routes. Resistance or protest only led to a menace of immediate arrest, which no one was fool-hardy enough to set at defiance.

If the Boulevards, thronged by busy and animated crowds, their brilliant array of shops and *cafés* all open, be a sight to raise the wonder and delight of foreigners, anything more desolate and blank than their appearance when completely deserted by their peaceable inhabitants can hardly be imagined. Such was the picture presented to those who ventured within eyeshot of the scene on Tuesday, in the afternoon, when every shop was closed, and the interior of the *cafés*, dimly lighted by a solitary *reverberé*, left scarce the possibility for the few who hazarded to come within their precincts to recognise each other's faces. At the mouth of every street and every passage a picket of soldiers stayed the further progress of the people, who remained behind the barrier as spectators. But while the open thoroughfare of the Boulevards was abandoned, the windows and balconies of every house from top to bottom were alive with anxious faces, eagerly watching the growing numbers and inexplicable evolutions of the military, who soon filled up the space as far as the eye could reach, from the point of the Boulevard des Italiens at which I was situated. That something of consequence was about to be enacted was evident to every looker-on. Circulation, which at first had been partially allowed, was at length imperatively forbidden, and the half-opened doors of the *cafés*, from which the unemployed *garçons*, and even the *cuisiniers*, had been furtively peering, were shut by command. Unconscious of what was going to happen, however, the inhabitants remained at the windows and in the balconies, their curiosity outweighing their fears. The rapid passage to and fro of

heavy artillery, directed to unknown points, the sound of distant cannon, which told an undeniable story, the *croque-morts*, as those members of the *ambulances* are called whose business it is to carry away the dead and wounded, the army surgeons in their regimental guise, the incessant departure and return of the *guides*, all at the gallop, these and other appearances no less suggestive, were insufficient to drive the people into their houses; the windows and the balconies continued to be busily occupied. At length, however, two or three successive motions of the hand from the general who was superintending the manœuvres of the troops gave warning that danger was at hand, and the greater number of the curious retired from the windows, although those in the *balcon* of the Café du Cardinal failed to take the hint, and it was not till two tremendous volleys of musketry made the Boulevards ring again that they became aware of the peril to which they stood exposed, and scrambled through the windows of the *première étage*. Those who have been to Paris will remember that the Café du Cardinal forms the *rez de chaussée*, or ground floor, of an enormous house, half of which faces the Boulevards and the other half the rue de Richelieu. The remainder of the house, from the first floor upwards, belongs to M. Brandus, the most extensive music publisher in Paris, who has recently leased the premises, and constructed, perhaps, the largest and handsomest *magazin* of its kind in Europe. It was in the *balcon* which appertains to this *magazin* that I was stationed, in company with seven or eight others, watching the evolutions of the troops, the magnitude and variety of which surprised everybody, in a quarter of the Boulevards from which usually little danger is anticipated in revolutionary times. To our astonishment and no small discomfort, our escape from the balcony of the music shop of M. Brandus had only interposed the walls and windows between our persons and the threatened danger. The fire was now immediately directed against the house in which we were, and the smashing of windows speedily incited to a move upstairs, where it was imagined we should be out of immediate peril. No such thing, however. Musket shots penetrated even the bedroom of M. Brandus. The consternation was as general as the cause of the aggression was incomprehensible. In a short time, while everybody was doing his best to get out of reach of the shot, the screams of the female servants, in the lower department of the house announced a fresh event, and the shouts of a hundred voices outside, crying "*Ouvrez ouvrez!*" declared the intention of the military to enter the building. No one daring to descend to obey the mandate, after a short period the door was broken open, and a number of soldiers rushed upstairs, and demolishing every obstacle searched each room in succession, until they approached the *quatrième étage*, where M. Brandus and his friends had repaired for safety. There information was given that a shot had been fired from the house upon the troops, and that the business of the invaders was to visit every apartment and examine the persons of all present. The scrutiny proved unavailing, but the soldiers insisting upon the fact of the shot having proceeded from the house, the whole party was forthwith arrested and taken before the General on the Boulevards. One of them happened, luckily, to be M. Sax, the well known inventor and manufacturer of the instruments that bear his name. Being recognised by the General, the protest of M. Sax was accepted, and the party allowed to escape into the Passage de l'Opera, but not to re-enter the house. In that agreeable *locale*, we were compelled to wait, penned up like beasts of burden, until the military had evacuated the Boulevard des Italiens, when each was allowed to find his way home as well as he might, amid the bustle and

confusion. It afterwards appeared that the suspected shot was attributed to the house next door to that of M. Brandus, and subsequently to the Café Anglais, which was in its turn almost demolished. Whether, on such a shallow pretext, the house of a peaceable citizen ought to be destroyed, the lives of its occupants endangered, and a heavy loss entailed upon its proprietor for repairs, I leave for those whom it concerns to answer. I speak simply as a looker-on, entirely ignorant of the cause of so imposing and grandiose a display of military tactics, which will doubtless be explained to you by more competent authority. The search for arms could surely have been effected without shattering the windows of the house with *fusillades*. How contemptible must the explorers have felt when they discovered nothing better in the whole building than a rusty fusil, unfit for use, which had served M. Brandus in 1848, when he officiated as one of the most zealous and active officers of the *Garde Nationale*, and helped to maintain peace and tranquillity in the capital!

It is scarcely necessary to add that the theatres, as well as the shops, were closed on Thursday, of the chief events of which unpleasant day you will, of course, receive ample information. I cannot conclude, however, without complaining of the conduct of several of the hotel keepers, who declared that all the railroads would suspend business, when, on the contrary, every train left and arrived at the usual hour. Sceptical about this fact, I left my luggage at the hotel, and went on foot in search of a cabriolet, to convey me to the *Chemin du fer du Nord*. After much difficulty I succeeded in finding a *coupe* on the Boulevard des Capucins, the conductor of which, for the small consideration of 15*fr.*, with the proviso that he was not to go to the hotel for my luggage, consenting to take me to the station. On our way to Calais we heard at the various *relais*, not, as had been reported, that the "provinces were marching upon Paris," but that two men had been instantly put to death for attempting to cut away the wires of the electric telegraph, somewhere near St. Denis—for the truth of which report, however, I cannot pretend to vouch, although it was stated with confidence by my informer.

THE BARON VON B.

(Translated from the German.)

The Baron Von B., who visited Berlin about the year 1789, was one of the most wonderful critics that has ever appeared in the musical world; and, (as the writer of this learned from the mouth of a world-renowned violinist,) appears not unworthy of public notice.

I was, (so relates the Virtuoso) at that time very young, scarcely sixteen years old, and engaged in hard study of my instrument, which I loved with my whole soul. My worthy, though severe teacher, *Concertmeister* Haack, grew more and more pleased with me. He praised my great execution, the clearness of my intonation, at last he let me play in the opera orchestra; yes! even in the royal chamber concerts. Here I often heard Haack speak with the young Dupont, Ritter, and other great masters, of the musical entertainments which the Baron of B. got up in his house with such elegance and taste, that the king himself did not disdain very often to attend. They mentioned the splendid compositions of the old and almost forgotten masters, which one could hear nowhere but at the entertainments of the Baron of B., who possessed the most complete collection of compositions, as well those of the most ancient, as of modern times, and especially music for the violin, which could anywhere be found. They spoke also of the splendid reception, and of the lordly creditable liberality with which the Baron treated the artists, and lastly, they were quite agreed that the Baron was truly a shining and brilliant star, which

had lighted up the musical sky of Berlin. These frequent conversations greatly raised my curiosity: still more was it excited, when in such conversations the masters approached nearer each other, and I could only hear the name of the Baron, and a few disjointed words, but still sufficient for me to guess that they spoke of his giving instructions in the divine art. It appeared to me as though a sarcastic smile played on Dupont's countenance, and as if every one was mocking the *Concertmeister*, who made only a weak defence, and could scarcely suppress a smile himself; till, finally, he turned quickly around, commenced tuning his violin, and called aloud, "He is, and always will be, a splendid man!" I could not help, notwithstanding the danger of being dismissed from his instructions, asking the *Concertmeister* to introduce me to the Baron, and take me to his *soirées*.

Haack stared at me from head to foot, and I began to be afraid that a small thunder storm would break loose; however, his grave look soon turned into a smile, and he said, "Ha! you are quite right with your request; you can learn very much from the Baron. I will speak to him about you, and I believe that he will admit you, for he is very fond of such young disciples in the art as you." Not long after, I had just played some very difficult duetts with Haack, when one morning he said to me, "Now Karl, this evening put on your Sunday coat, and silk stockings, then come to me, and we will go together to the Baron's. You will find there only a few people, and will have a good opportunity to become acquainted." I trembled with joy; for I hoped, and I scarcely knew why, to learn something wonderful. We went, then. The Baron, a man of middle size, advanced in years, dressed in an old German embroidered suit, came to us as we entered the room, and shook hands with my teacher. Never had I felt, at seeing any distinguished man, greater reverence, and never had I formed such attachment for any one at first sight. In the features of the Baron one could distinguish the best of natures, and from his eyes sparkled that fire which so often distinguishes the true artist. All awe which I thought I should feel, vanished in a moment. "Well, how goes it?" began the Baron, in a clear sonorous voice, "how goes it, my good Haack—have you practised well my concerto? Well, we will hear it to-morrow. Aha! that is the young man, the brave little Virtuoso, of whom you spoke?"

I looked down ashamed, and felt that I blushed again and again, while Haack mentioned my name, praised my talent, and the great progress I had made in a short time.

"Well," said the Baron, turning to me, "you have chosen the violin for your instrument, my son? Have you well considered that the violin is the most difficult instrument of all? yes, that this instrument, appearing so simple, is a wonderful secret, containing the great richness of tone which is disclosed only to a few selected particularly by nature? Are you sure you can become master of this wonderful secret? A great many have thought so, and have remained bunglers their whole lifetime. I would not, my son, that you should increase the number of these. Well, well, you can play something to me, and I will tell you if you can make anything, and give you advice. It may be with you as it was with Karl Stamitz, who thought himself a wonder, and that he would become a great violin virtuoso; when I told him he was mistaken, he threw away his fiddle, and took instead the viola and *viola d'amour*, and did well on this instrument; he could play pretty well with his wide spreading fingers. Well, well, I will hear what you can do, my son."

I was greatly astonished at this first, and somewhat extraordinary speech of the Baron's. His words penetrated deeply to my soul, and I felt with internal disquietude that I, notwithstanding my enthusiasm, had, perhaps, having chosen for my study the most difficult of all instruments, undertaken a task to which I was not competent. They now prepared to play three new quartets by Haydn, which had then just been published. My master took the violin from its case; but scarcely had he commenced tuning it, when the Baron stopped both ears with his hands, and cried out, as if beside himself, "Haack! Haack! how can you, for Heaven's sake, so spoil your whole performance with your pitiful, screeching fiddle?"

Now, the *Concertmeister* had one of the most splendid instruments that I had ever seen—a genuine Stradivari—and nothing

could enrage him more, than to have anybody find fault with his favourite. Then how was I astonished, when he, laughing, replaced the violin in its case. I was anxious to know what was to follow. He had just locked the case, when the Baron, who had gone into the next chamber, came in with a case covered with purple velvet trimmed with gold lace, carrying it on both arms as if it was a wedding present. "I will confer an honour on you," said he, "you shall play my oldest and best violin to-day. It is a true Granuelo, and compared with the old master, his pupil, Giova Stradivari, is only a bungler. Tartini played on no other instruments. Take pains that Granuelo may let you hear all his magnificence." The Baron opened the case and I perceived an instrument, the appearance of which showed that it was advanced in years. By the side of it was the most curious bow I ever saw, which was so curved that it appeared to me more proper to shoot arrows with than to play the violin. The Baron took the instrument from its case with a solemn air, handed it to the *Concertmeister*, who received it with the same solemnity. "The bow," said the Baron, laughingly tapping the master on the shoulder, "the bow I shall not give you, for you do not understand how to handle it, and will never in your life be able to make a stroke with it. Such bows," continued the Baron, taking it out, and regarding it with a loving look, "such bows the great immortal Tartini used, and beside him, there are in the whole world only two of his scholars who have succeeded in discovering the secret of a stroke that fills the soul with pleasure—a stroke that can be made only with a bow like this; one of these is Nardini, now an old man, the other, as you gentlemen probably already guess, is myself. I am also the only one in whom the art of the true violinist still lives; and I spare no effort to make known that art, whose founder was the great Tartini. Well, well, let us commence, gentlemen."

The quartetts were now performed; and, as one can well imagine, with such perfection that nothing remained to be desired. The Baron sat in his chair with his eyes shut, and his head nodding to and fro. Then he jumped up, went nearer the performers, looked at the music with a grave countenance, then went softly back to his seat, leaned his head on his hand, sighed—groaned! "Halt!" suddenly he cried, at some beautiful passage in the adagio, "Halt! that was Tartini—but you have not understood him—once more, I beg of you;" and the master repeated the passage with a long stroke of his bow, and the Baron sobbed and wept like a child. When the quartett was finished, the Baron said, "A magnificent man, that Haydn; he knows how to reach the soul, but he does not understand composing for the violin. If he did understand it, and wrote in the only true manner, like Tartini, you would not have been able to play it."

Now I was obliged to play some variations which Haack had composed for me: the Baron placed himself near me, and looked over the music. One can well imagine with what anxiety I began, having the great critic at my side. Nevertheless, a splendid allegro soon quite captivated me, so that I forgot the Baron, and could apply all the power which I then commanded over the instrument. As I ended, the Baron patted me on the shoulder, and laughingly said, "You can remain by the violin, my son, but you do not understand anything of performing, because you have not probably had a very skillful teacher." We then sat down to supper, a meal being prepared, which, particularly on account of the very rich wines, could almost be called a banquet. Haack ate very heartily. The conversation, more and more enlivening, was almost exclusively on music. The Baron opened a treasure of the greatest knowledge. His criticisms, sharp and penetrating, showed not only the accomplished connoisseur, but also the perfect artist. Especially remarkable to me was the gallery of violinists which he criticised. As much as I can remember I will now relate.

"Corelli," so spoke the Baron, "first opened the way. His compositions can only be performed in Tartini's method, and that is sufficient to prove how well he understood the essence of violin playing. Paganini was a tolerable performer. He has tone and much comprehension, nevertheless his stroke is too weak in appoggiamento passages. How much I have heard of Geminiani! As I heard him the last time in Paris, thirty years ago, he played like a somnambulist, who wanders about in his sleep, and it sounded

to me exactly as if I was dreaming—always *tempo rubato* without style or character. The confounded *tempo rubato* spoils the best performers, for in it they lose sight of, and neglect their bowing. I played to him my *sonatas*, he saw his error, and wished to take lessons of me, to which I willingly consented. However, the boy was too deep in his method, too old to change it. He was then ninety-one years old! God forgive Giardini, for he it was who first ate the apple of the tree of knowledge, and made all later violinists sinful men! He thinks only of his left hand, and of the elastic finger, and does not know that the soul of music is in the right hand—that all feelings that find place in the breast, flow out in its pulses; I wish every such man could have a Jomelli by his side, who would rouse him from his insanity with a box on the ear, as Jomelli really did when Giardini in his presence spoiled a most beautiful passage by his foolish trills, jumpings about, and runs. Lulli makes the maddest sort of gestures and wrong moves. He is a regular bungler; he cannot play an allegro, and his execution is only of that kind which ignoramuses, who have neither feeling nor understanding, admire. I told you that the true art of the violin dies with Nardini and myself. The young virtuoso is a splendid fellow—full of talent. He has to thank me for all he knows, for he was my illustrious scholar; but what avails it?—no patience, he left me. He profited much from my instruction, and will profit more from it when I return to Paris, if not here: I there meet him. My concertos, which you have practised with me and Haack, he lately played quite well; but he has no hand for my bow. Giarnovich shall never again cross my threshold. He is a stupid fool, who is insolent enough to turn up his nose at the great Tartini, the master of all masters, and to despise my instruction. I am curious to know what will become of that boy Rhode, when he has had the benefit of my lessons. He promises much, and it is possible that he will become master of my bow. He is," continued the Baron, turning to me, "the same as you, my son, but of a more grave and penetrating nature. From you, my dear Haack, I hope a great deal; since I have instructed you, you have been quite another man; only continue in your restless zeal and diligence, and neglect not a single lesson—you know that makes me angry."

I was almost petrified with astonishment at what I heard. I was all impatient to ask the *Concertmeister* if it was, then, true that the Baron was indeed the greatest violinist of the time, and if he, the *meister* himself, did really take lessons of him, and could not wait till we should go. Haack answered me that he certainly did not neglect to make use of the excellent instruction which the Baron offered him, and that I would do well to go to him some morning, and request him that he would favour me with his instruction. I asked many more questions about the Baron and his talent; but Haack would answer none of them, merely saying that if I did what he told me, I should probably learn all. A strange laugh that passed over Haack's countenance did not escape me, and it only served, without my having a presentiment of the reason, to raise my curiosity to the highest pitch. As I, then, bluntly told the Baron my wish, and assured him that I felt the most intense passion for the divine art, he first stared hard at me, but soon his look changed to one expressive of the greatest good nature. "My son, my son," he said, "that you apply to me, the only violinist now living, proves that the genuine spirit of the artist is stirring in thee, and that the image of a true violinist lives in your soul. How glad will I be to help you, but how find time? Haack gives me a great deal to do, and there is the young Durand here, who wishes to appear in public, and has perceived that it will not do at all, till he has taken a long course of me. Wait! wait a minute, wait a minute, in the forenoon—yes, I have one hour free, my son, come to me punctually every day, at twelve o'clock, and then I can play with you till one, then comes Durand!" You can well imagine how I, with a beating heart, hastened to the Baron's next day at the appointed hour. He would not allow me to produce a single note from the violin I brought with me. He put a very old instrument of Antonio Amati's make into my hands; never had I played on such a violin. The heavenly tones which the strings produced, inspired me. I quite lost myself in the beautiful passages, the stream of notes now rising in great restless waves, now sinking

into little murmuring ripples; I thought that I played quite well, certainly better than many times since. The Baron shook his head, displeased, and said, "Son, son, you must forget all that; in the first place, you hold your bow miserably." He showed me how, according to Tartini's method, I must hold my bow; I thought I should not be able to produce a single note in this manner. My astonishment was not small, as I, by the request of the Baron, played the passages again; I saw in a few seconds the great advantage which the art of holding the bow gave me.

"Now," said the Baron, "we will commence our lessons. Strike G, my son, and hold it as long as you can. Spare the bow! spare the bow! what the breath is to the singer, that is the bow to the violin player." I did as he told me, and rejoiced that I succeeded in producing a vigorous tone, and increasing from *pianissimo* to *fortissimo*, and again diminishing with quite a long bow. "Do you not see, my son?" cried the Baron, "Do you not see, that you can make beautiful passages, runs, jumps, trills, and other ornaments, but are not able to hold out a tone at all? Now I will show you what it is to hold out a note on the violin." He took the instrument from me, put the bow in its place on the strings, but no!—it is impossible for me to describe his actions. Close to the bridge he glided along with a trembling bow, rattling, piping quaking, mewing; one might compare the tone to that of an old lady, who, with spectacles on her nose, worried herself in an unsuccessful attempt to hit the pitch of some old song. The Baron cast his eyes upwards as if in extacy, and as he at last stopped and laid down the instrument, his eyes glistening, he cried out in an agitated voice, "That is the tone, that is the tone." I was so astonished that I remained perfectly quiet; if my impulse was to laugh, it was immediately checked, when I looked at the venerable countenance of the Baron, which was lighted up by enthusiasm. All this produced such an effect on me, that I almost imagined that a spectre was before me, so that I was not able to speak a single word. "That went to your very soul," said the Baron. "Did it not? You never imagined that such magical sounds could be conjured from that little thing there, with the four strings, hey? Well! well! drink, drink, my son."

The Baron poured out a glass of Madira. I was obliged to drink, and eat of the pastry that stood on the table. Just at that moment it struck one. "Go, go, my son," cried the Baron, "you have had enough for to day; go now, and come soon again—there, take that." Saying this, the Baron put a little piece of paper in my hand, in which I found a smooth, beautiful, Dutch ducat. Quite alarmed, I ran quickly to the *Concertmeister*, and related to him all that had happened. He only laughed and said, "Do you not know how it is with the Baron and his instruction? He judges you as a beginner, and so gives you one ducat for each lesson, in comparison to the merit, according to his idea, so is the honour greater or smaller. I get a *Louis d'or*; and Durand, if I mistake not, gets two ducats." I could not refrain from saying, that I did not think it right to deceive the good old Baron so, and take his ducat from him. "You must know," replied the *Concertmeister*, "that the Baron's whole success consists in giving lessons in the manner you have just seen; and should we disdain his instructions, he will publish abroad, that I and other masters (for whom he is a competent critic) were poor, ignorant, bunglers; and finally, notwithstanding his conceit, the Baron is a man whose professional judgment may be of great advantage in many things to the master. Judge yourself, if I do wrong in cultivating his acquaintance, notwithstanding his foolishness, and in sometimes receiving a *Louis d'or*. Visit him often, do not listen to the foolish jingling of the madman, but to the sensible words of the really learned critic; you can learn much from him."

I followed the advice of the master: I found it often difficult to repress a laugh, when the Baron put his fingers on the cover, instead of the touch board of the violin, and passed over the strings with the bow, assuring me he was then playing Tartini's most beautiful solo, and that he was the only one living who could play it as it should be. But then he put the violin aside, and commenced a conversation, which added much to my knowledge, and inflamed my breast for the most glorious art.

If I then played at one of his concerts as well as I could, and succeeded in this or that particularly well, he looked round proudly and said, "He has to thank me for that; me, the scholar of the

scholar of the great Tartini!" So the lessons of the Baron afforded me both advantage and amusement, and I was not at all displeased with the pretty round Dutch ducats.

So spoke the great violinist, whose name is celebrated in the musical world, concerning the Baron of B. It is a question if any of our present virtuosos, who may think themselves far beyond any instruction, would not be pleased with a few lessons given in the manner the Baron was accustomed to.

CHARACTERISTICS OF BEETHOVEN.

(From Rie's Notisen.)

As a proof of Beethoven's extraordinary faculties it may be quoted, that, at the first rehearsal of his pianoforte concerto in C major, which took place at his house, his piano proved to be half a tone lower than the wind instruments. He immediately desired these to tune in B instead of A, whilst he himself played his part in C sharp.

Ries gives us a curious instance of the manner in which the great master showed his originality. He says it is in the first movement of the *Sinfonia Eroica* that Beethoven has vented his spleen upon the horn. Previous to the *motivo* returning to the second part, he has indicated it through the horn whilst the two violins hold on the chord of the second. Those who are initiated into this secret of the score, must ever think the horn-player had miscounted, and made a wrong entry. At the first rehearsal of this symphony, which was a stormy one, and when the horn player came in correctly, I stood next to Beethoven, and, taking it for granted that the horn-player was wrong, I said, "Listen to that stupid fellow—can he not count—it sounds wretchedly!" I think my ears narrowly escaped being boxed, and Beethoven did not for some time forgive me. He played the same evening his piano quintett with wind instruments. Ram, the celebrated oboe-player of Munich, played also, and accompanied the quintett. At one of the pauses in the last allegro, previous to the subject coming on again, Beethoven of a sudden began to extemporise, taking the Rondo for his subject, thus amusing himself and the audience for some time. Not so his wind instruments; these lost their temper, particularly Mr. Ram, who was much incensed. It was indeed ludicrous to see these gentlemen, who were constantly expecting to recommence, putting up their instruments, and quickly taking them down again. At length Beethoven was satisfied, and returned to the Rondo, the whole company being in raptures.

If in playing to him, I made a mistake in passages, or if I happened to strike a wrong note where he required a particularly accented one, he seldom said anything; but if I showed any want of expression, if I omitted a *crescendo*, &c., or if I did not succeed in rendering the character of the piece, he became incensed: the former, he said, was chance; but the latter, want of knowledge, of feeling, or of attention. Indeed, he himself might often be reproached with the former defect, even when playing in public.

During a walk which I took with Beethoven, I was talking to him of two consecutive fifths, which occur in one of the earliest violin quartets in C minor, and which, to my surprise, sound most harmoniously. Beethoven did not know what I meant, and would not believe that they could be fifths. He soon produced a piece of music paper, which he was in the habit of carrying with him, and I wrote down the passage with its four parts. When I had thus proved myself to be right, he said, "Well, and who forbids them?" Not knowing what to make of this question, I was silent, and he repeated it several times, until I at length replied, in great amazement, "Why, it is one of the very first rules." He, however, still repeated his question, and I answered, "Marpurg, Kirnberger, Fuchs, &c., &c.,—in fact, all theorists." "Well, then I permit them," was his final answer.

Beethoven was most awkward and helpless, and his every movement was completely devoid of grace. He seldom laid his hand upon anything without breaking it; thus he several times emptied the contents of the inkstand into the neighbouring piano. No one piece of furniture was safe with him, and least of all a costly one: he used either to upset, stain, or destroy it. How he ever managed to learn the art of shaving himself still remains a riddle, leaving the frequent cuts visible in his face quite out of the question. He never could learn to dance in time.

ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.

(From the *Athenæum*).

This ill-starred body of musical professors—although gathered with great pains and deliberation for the purpose of providing Londoners with a worshipful instrumental concert during the winter months—has melted into empty air: its members having proved themselves to be only professors, as distinguished from performers of their promises and fulfillers of obligations voluntarily contracted.—By the constitution of the defunct society all the members of the orchestra were bound to contribute their services to its performances, sharing the receipts in proportion to their several terms of professional remuneration:—a clause being introduced into the laws which, in the event of the absence of any one, enjoined him to forward due notice at the same time nominating a competent deputy. Such a clause, it is needless to point out, was introduced in order to provide for the rare emergencies of sickness and like grave casualties; having no reference to the normal state of the band. The laws and conditions of the *Orchestral Society* having been largely acceded to and signed by most of the leading instrumentalists in London, the Council some months ago published a list of the orchestra—with a view of inviting subscriptions—at the same time fixing the dates of the concerts—and more recently, as our own advertising columns have shown, they commenced operations by arranging a programme for the first concert, and communicating with the members selected to take part in the *solo* performances of the evening. Among other pieces advertised to be performed on that occasion, was a Septett for wind instruments. Some days after this had been promised to the public by repeated advertisements, and after the parts had been forwarded to the members necessary to its execution, the Council received notice from the first clarinet and the first bassoon that it was not their intention to appear on the first night,—it being well known by advertisement that they had taken engagements elsewhere for that evening. There were other similar descriptions from the first rehearsal;—on which occasion the Council decided that being unable to keep faith with the public, by presenting not merely the *solo* performers but also the orchestra advertised,—the concert should be postponed till the case should be dealt with and the principle on which the society had been founded should once for all be established or repudiated. The orchestral members were accordingly convoked. On their meeting, it appeared that a majority of forty-seven treated the idea of fulfilling their engagements at the *Orchestral Concerts*, supposing other more immediately profitable engagements were offered to them, as a dream and a hardship. Under such circumstances, the Council of the *Orchestral Society* had but one honourable course to pursue. This was to decline going before the public under conditions so preposterous and humiliating, and to dissolve the society: which step has been accordingly taken.

On events like the above, comment is almost superfluous. Nobody need sit in judgement on those who prefer immediate gain to the advancement of their art—since such preference of itself classes those that exhibit it. But that a body of musicians after having voluntarily taken upon themselves certain obligations, should at the very commencement of a new enterprise voluntarily violate them, using for pretext a law intended to strengthen, not to weaken the executive powers of the orchestra, and deliberately break faith with the public attracted by their names, speaks unfavourably for the moral tone of the profession. Such an instance is calculated to arm its adversaries with their sharpest weapons of reproach and mistrust. As lovers of the art, we record the premature—but inevitable—dissolution of the *Orchestral Society* with no ordinary concern.

Original Correspondence.

GREGORIAN CHANTS.

(To the Editor of the *Musical World*.)

DEAR SIR,—Pray favour me with space to reply to the letter of "One of the Clergy," who has misunderstood some portions of my

letters and misrepresented others. His letter is, I presume, to be viewed as a specimen of the knowledge of music possessed by the clergy, whom he denies to be more deficient on that subject than the laity. As such I will endeavour fairly to discuss the observations and deductions therein contained.

But first of all I beg to state that the observations I offered in the two letters to which "One of the Clergy" takes exception, were not intended to apply to the Clergy generally, as he erroneously supposes; but, as I distinctly stated, to "the advocates" of a "certain movement:" and what I stated *might* be the animus and ultimate aim of those who were conducting the agitation against the Protestant Church Music and in favour of the Gregorian Chants, "One of the Clergy" has turned into motives attached to such as have adopted them. This violation of my words and meaning is most unfair.

Such a party as that to which I referred, "One of the Clergy" admits does exist; he also allows that the Gregorian Chants are behind the musical taste and feeling of the present; adding, however, that they may still be made a suitable adornment of devotional praise, with the aid of modern harmony.

Is "One of the Clergy" aware of the amount of alteration and deviation from the original, which this adornment of the Gregorian Chants involves, or the doubt as to competent "knowledge" such an admission conveys?

Not many years since it was stated in a court of law,—and the position was admitted to hold good,—that a series of simple notes, could, in themselves possess no copyright or positive identity; because a different accent or different harmony would give them a totally different character. Now all that is original of a Gregorian Chant, (or rather, what is supposed to be,) is a few simple notes in themselves unimportant and characterless. To render these tolerable in the present day, they are first harmonized,—harmony of the earliest and rudest kind not being discovered for five centuries after the establishment of the chants themselves; secondly, are phrased or accented,—bars not having been introduced for upwards of a thousand years after the establishment of the chants; and thirdly, they are transposed. Everything in fact is removed, hidden, destroyed, or softened down, that could mark their identity, antiquity, and supposed authenticity; yet in this completely transformed and altered state they are gravely produced and passed off as the veritable Gregorian Chants, although probably no one would experience greater difficulty in recognising them, could he hear them so rendered, than Pope Gregory himself.

Now let me illustrate the amount of absurdity involved in all this by a few parallels. If an historical painter were to produce in sober seriousness, a picture representing the landing of William the Conqueror, mounted on the paddle-box of a Margate steam-boat, his army wearing Albert hats, and carrying double-barrelled percussion guns, it is probable that its author would be considered the least eligible to be elected as president of a society of artists, in consequence of the confusion of historical facts, and dates of inventions presented in his handywork. Or, if a sketch for a proposed church were to be made, wherein features and details dating their rise five hundred or even a thousand years apart, were mixed up together, the draftsman, without doubt, would be considered a most unfit person to be engaged as an ecclesiastical architect. But when the subject becomes that of ecclesiastical music, by some extraordinary hallucination, that very moment all regard to historical accuracy is by some imagined to be a matter of not even the smallest moment or importance. Any amount of chronological absurdity is not only permitted, but, as exhibited by the letter of "One of the Clergy," positively encouraged and defended. The musical caricature and historical jumble which a harmonized, phrased, and transposed Gregorian Chant presents, is not only accepted and approved by "One of the Clergy," but, because the state of musical attainments unfortunately does not enable him to perceive the miserable incongruity, he fancies no one else can or ought to see it; or if they do so by reason of their greater knowledge, and demur at the attempt to force such a musical anomaly upon them, the childish cry must forthwith be raised that they are "bearing hard upon the clergy." Doubt has already too long existed as to whether music is entitled to be considered a high art; and if her historical distinctions and peculiarities are to be remorselessly confused as "One of

the Clergy" is prepared to countenance, then an additional doubt as well as a stumbling-block is placed in her path, to impede her proving herself worthy of such distinction.

If "One of the Clergy" really prefers the Gregorian Chants on their own account let him be consistent and adopt them as they were written; they have their historical interests; but if he prefers harmonized chants let him have recourse to the best Anglican chants which are in the highest degree solemn, expressive, and devotional. Above all let him bear in mind that Gregorian chants in the shape he advocates are *adaptations*. The admission of "adaptations" into the church has done more harm than many are aware of to the cause of true church music; and it will be of little use organists striving to rid the church of them, if "One of the Clergy" and others, are at the same time encouraging the introduction of "cooking" that come under the same category.

Next, "One of the Clergy" takes umbrage at the mention of what was already well known, namely, that there was a *ruse* mixed up with the late outcry raised in favour of the Gregorian Chants. If the advocates of that revival were really and solely seeking such music as all could join in, music that was at once simple, good, and appropriate, it already existed in the greatest abundance among the Anglican Chants, which, from being written in harmony, would not have involved by their continued use any of the indecorum above pointed out. But, a dead set was made at these, which, although perfect in themselves, were tried to be displaced, and others *not* perfect in themselves, but requiring an enormous amount of renovation, were attempted to be thrust in their stead. The suppression of the Anglican Chants and the resuscitation of the Gregorians, were not necessary steps towards securing the use of simple and good music in the church, therefore, there must have been some other motive power behind, and if the transportation of the Gregorian Chants, and putting them in the tenor, was not for the purpose of suiting priests' voices, I would beg to enquire why they were revived, put in the tenor, or transposed at all. To say all this was done for the sake of "church music" or the benefit of "the people's voice" is, as I before stated, a mere *ruse*.

I must abruptly close, for this week, and beg to subscribe myself

Yours, very sincerely,

AN OLD CORRESPONDENT.

THE DOUBLE BASS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Will you be so kind as to inform me, in your next week's publication, as to the proper name for the instrument, commonly called double bass.

Bradford, Dec. 9, 1851.

Yours, T. S.

A SUBSCRIBER.

STRAUSS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Can you, or any of your readers inform me the exact time when Strauss, the composer, died; and what was his age?

Norfolk Crescent, Hyde Park.

Yours, INQUIRER.

BRINLEY RICHARDS AND THE "RECOLLECTIONS OF WALES."

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

MR. EDITOR,—When I tell you that as long as I can remember, I have been possessed with a morbid passion for Welsh rabbits and Welsh airs, you will understand how it happens that I have an itching to mix in a quarrel which does not otherwise concern me.

They say that the quiet looker-on sees more of the game than they who are playing it. If this be so, sir, you will, perhaps, allow me to volunteer my assistance in sorting the hand of one of your correspondents, who seems to think that he holds nothing but trumps.

Sir, I am but a plain thinker, but to me it appears, that the whole quotation turns upon this as a pivot; the two publications in question, are they the same works, or are they two different works?

Now Mr. Macfarren is a fully competent judge in this matter, and moreover has a character to lose. Mr. Macfarren declares in his letter inserted in your last number that the two works are not the same, that they are "dissimilar in every particular." The works then are *not* the same. The assurance that they are, is to assume that Mr. Macfarren is a *fool* or a *knave*, or both.

The next step of the argument assumes that the *earlier* work may be the *better* work; and in support of this assumption it is urged that "many poets and composers have considered their *first* work to be their *best*." Perhaps they have. But Mr. Brinley Richards does *not* consider his *first* work the *best*.

For truth Mr. Brinley Richards is now ashamed of the *earlier* work; and entreates the indulgence of the public towards it, as a mere juvenile effusion, written while he was a student. And here, sir, I think I can put you up to something. Ask Mr. Leoni Lee if Brinley Richards did not wait upon him with an offer to re-arrange the earlier work; and if Mr. L. L. did not denounce that work as mere trash, not worth keeping in print, and so dismiss the applicant.

Mr. Brinley Richards therefore, yearning to throw over the melodies of his native land the lustre of his mature talent, had nothing for it but to apply, to another publisher, one, by the way, who had civilly declined to print his earlier effusions, they were not worth it.

It may possibly be a point requiring metaphysical acumen, to determine, in the abstract, what works are new works. For my own part I have not the requisite penetration. Works which lie for years in the *escritoire* of Mr. L. L. may, for aught I know, be new works. But Mr. Brinley Richards's work did *not* so lie. It was published ten years ago. Is a work which was published ten years ago, a new work? I suppose you say, Mr. Editor, certainly not. So do I.

As to the question about the dedication it is not one for argument. It is a question of fact. Inspect the titles.

The next question is dismissed as easily, viz: Did Mr. Richards perform the "Beauties" in public? First, Mr. Brinley Richards says he *did not*. Secondly, Mr. Macfarren, pledges his judgment to the effect that he *could not*, could not, because they were calculated only "for the advancement of little children."

But as we proceed with this curious case, we find Mr. Brinley Richards charged with "plagiarism." Plagiarism is a literary theft, that is stealing an author's thoughts and appropriating them to one's own use. But whose thoughts is Mr. Brinley Richards even supposed to have stolen, but his own? to have picked his own pocket. "Je suis mon voleur," says the Miser in Molière, when he lays hold of his own arm, fancying it to belong to the man who had robbed him.

But with the charge of plagiarism, is connected that of a "flagrant attempt" to injure character; which latter alone induced Mr. L. L., to put himself on his defence. With this before one's eyes, one would hardly suppose, (which is the fact) that Mr. L. L. was the first to begin the contest, which he did by obtruding upon the public a circular which some called defamatory and others called scurrilous, and all upon a matter which the public cared nothing about.

Mr. L. L. very considerably professes himself to be sorry for Mr. Brinley Richards, assuming, no doubt, that the latter gentleman is in a suffering condition. This, to be sure, is very kind of him. But it seems to be sympathy thrown away, for, as far as I can learn by enquiry, Mr. B. R. has nothing at all the matter with him.

As to the courtesy which Mr. Brinley Richards had to expect from his "former patrons" it is no doubt a very perfect thing of its kind. Of this courtesy Mr. L. L.'s published letters may be taken as samples. Still, Mr. Editor, as a plain man, I venture to express my opinion, that he was not well advised, by those who advised him to rush into print with those courteous effusions, and so "damn himself to fame."

As I happen to be neither a musical man nor a lawyer, I cannot pretend to determine anything in a perplexed case like that under consideration, but truth is truth, even from a humble individual like

Yours to command,

A SUBSCRIBER.

Reviews of Music.

"THE STANDARD LYRIC DRAMA." "Die Zauberflöte." Boosey & Co.

The first part of Mozart's great work is published for December. The *Zauberflöte* will make the tenth volume of the series already issued. We have received, for some time, the ninth volume, *Ernani*, but have not had time to give it due consideration. The editors, Mr. J. Wrey Mould, and Mr. W. S. Rockstro, in the work before us, follow up their original intentions with diligence and care; indeed, from what has been hitherto effected, "The Standard Lyric Drama" cannot be viewed otherwise than as a great accession to our musical literature. The first number of *Die Zauberflöte* bears all the impress of the editors' talents and applicability; and we have no doubt the work itself will be as complete and perfect as any of its predecessors. In order to ensure the more regular issue of the forthcoming parts, the publishers have engaged a new staff of engravers, who have commenced their work with the present number. The Messrs. Boosey are, certainly, determined to carry on their operations in the cause of "The Standard Lyric Drama;" and they are entitled to the highest patronage from the public.

"THE AMATEUR INTERLUDEST," being a collection of one hundred and forty-four interludes, and four preludes, in various keys, for organ or harmonium. Composed and selected by EDWARD TRAVIS and J. P. DYER. Leoni Lee and Coxhead.

This is no doubt intended as a companion to the "Amateur Organist," by the same authors, which we have reviewed some time since. This little work will be found very useful to the young organist, as affording him an excellent opportunity of making himself proficient in playing voluntaries; nor will it fail to lend assistance to the more practised organist, who will find, ready to his hand, interludes or preludes suited to any psalm or hymn. The "Amateur Interludest" carries with it its own recommendation.

Foreign.

NEW YORK.—(From the *Musical Times*, Nov. 22.)—In our last number we mentioned that quite an excitement had been created in the musical circles of our city, by the announcement that Miss Catherine Hayes had broken her engagement with Mr. Beale of London, and thus prevented the parties in this country from carrying out their intended series of concerts in the United States. The facts in few words, as we understand, are these. Miss Hayes made an engagement for her services in America with Thomas F. Beale of London. He subsequently made a new contract to let her out to Mr. J. H. Wardwell of this city, at a large per centage on the contract with Miss Hayes. She appeared in this city under the management of Mr. Wardwell, and gave a most successful series of concerts. From New York they went to Boston, where from various causes the receipts of the concerts were much reduced, and the result of the whole matter was a considerable loss to the contractors here. A proposition was made to annul the contract by payment to Mr. Beale's representative of a large sum of money, and thus release the bond. This offer was at first accepted and then declined. Subsequently a new state of things arose under certain developments made in regard to the terms of contract between Mr. Beale and Mr. Wardwell, and Miss Hayes by the advice of her friends decided to break the engagement with Mr. Beale, and thus disentangle herself from these annoyances. This, of course, prevented Mr. Wardwell from carrying out his arrangements. We are happy to state, however, that Miss Hayes has concluded her engagements directly with Mr. Wardwell, and that they are about commencing a series of concerts, which we doubt not will be equally successful with the first, since the

enormous expences incurred under the former contract are now very materially reduced. We wish them every success in their new relations.

The grand concert at Tripler Hall, on Saturday night, was very successful in everything but numbers. The storm prevented so full an attendance as might have been anticipated, yet there was a very good audience. M. Jaell's performances on the piano were rapturously received. His fantasia from *Sonnambula*, was encored with universal approbation, as was the *Gipsy Polka*, whereupon he played the *Carnival of Venice*, which was also encored, and the performance broken in upon several times, by the enthusiasm of the audience. We shall speak further of Mr. Jaell, after hearing him again. Of Steffanone, Bettini, Badiali, and the other favourites, we need not speak; they filled their parts to the entire satisfaction of the audience, and received a proper meed of praise. Bertucca was received with especial applause, in the *Brindisi* from *Macbeth*, which was encored, probably in some measure a special favour from the public, in view of her having sung in the Hayes' Concerts without remuneration. Hauser's violin performances were especially approved and encored. In fact, the concert was a great musical treat, the programme being one of the best ever offered in this city.

The opera of *La Bayadere* is now being performed at Brougham's Lyceum. Mr. Leach is the primo basso, and Mr. Henry Alleyne is the tenor, while Miss J. Barton makes a very respectable singing Bayadere. The opera is conducted by Mr. George Loder, but even his care cannot make the chorus keep time. The orchestra did well, as in fact they always do at this place. The principal attraction, however, has been the dancing of the Rouset family, who, by boldness and precision, rather than grace, created every night a perfect furor.

Since our last issue but one opera has been represented at the Italian Opera, viz. *Maria di Rohan*. It has been performed three times, by special request of the subscribers. Although we do not much like this opera, we admire the tact of the manager in giving it so efficient a cast. Badiali, Steffanone, and Bettini, gave a charm to the music which would otherwise have been wanting. The effect of the last trio was electrifying, and won the most rapturous applause.

On Wednesday evening, between the second and third acts of *Maria di Rohan*, the new celebrity, Mr. Jaell, appeared, and performed variations on the *Carnival of Venice*, to the great delight of the audience. In power, brilliance and delicacy of execution, we know of none superior to him.

The following is from the Boston Saturday Evening Gazette:—"The *N. Y. Tribune* says the engagement between Miss Hayes and Beale of London was for several years at thirty thousand dollars annually, either party to pay fifteen thousand dollars forfeit if the contract were broken or not fulfilled. This forfeit Miss Hayes concluded on Thursday last to pay and terminate her connexion with contractors, sub-contractors, hangers on, and puff writers. Wardwell engaged to pay Beale ninety thousand dollars for one year of his contract with Miss H. It is not stated how much the Boston correspondents of a musical journal in New York received for their services in puffing and blackguardism.—Their pay was probably regulated by the oyster and grog bill committee spoken of in the *New York Herald*."

The Boston papers are just now glorifying Marie Maberlini immensely. She is said to be very beautiful, to possess rare skill with the pencil, to speak in many tongues, and to sing as only Malibran could when in her prime. Her first concert takes place this week, and the Bostonians are being prepared to greet her with due fervour.

Parodi and Patti are soon to appear in New Orleans.

The popularity of Madame Thillon is undiminished. She appeared at Baltimore this week.

In reply to the various speculations, surmises and contradictions afloat respecting the great artiste Madame Sontag and her reported visit to this country, we have it upon the most unquestionable authority that her coming to the United States does not depend upon any contingency whatever, except her own life and health. We have ourselves seen and read the letter of Madame Sontag, signed by herself, in which she accepts the terms offered by the party engaging her, and agrees to arrive in New York during the month of August next. This ought certainly to settle the matter; and we may all "possess our souls in patience"—sure that one of the greatest artists the world ever saw, and in respect to whom there are no drawbacks, no diversities of opinion, will be with us, feeding our hearts with her marvellous melodies, at the commencement of the next season.

It is now positively announced that Alboni, the great, fat, beautiful contralto—the *lionne* of the *coulisses*—is preparing to make a visit to this country on her own account. She will indeed be welcome, both as a great artist and a new sensation.

(*Day Book*, Nov. 22).—What about Grisi, Mario, and Carlotta Grisi, together with Jullien, the grand and universal?

JENNY LIND arrives in the city this afternoon, and will share the hospitalities of Mr. Howard of the Irving House for a few days. She is on her way to Boston, where she is about to give a series of concerts—reappearing in New York about the middle of December.

Dramatic.

SURREY.—This theatre will positively close on this day week. *Macbeth* was revived last Monday, with Lock's music. Mr. Creswick, as *Macbeth*, received a flattering welcome on his return to his post. Miss Poole will take a benefit on Thursday, when she will appear in the *The Daughter of the Regiment*, and as Tom Tug in *The Waterman*. Miss Poole is, without doubt, one of the brightest ornaments of the English lyrical stage; and as this is her first benefit, we trust that the public will respond to the appeal by giving the fair artiste a bumper.—*Dec. 6th.*

SADLER'S WELLS.—The comic muse seems at length to be raising its head in good earnest here. Mr. Phelps, although he has hitherto rather opposed than promoted the production of comedies at Sadler's Wells, is known to be eminently gifted with the *vis comica*. Macklin's play of *The Man of the World* has been revived to crowded houses. This comedy, which long enjoyed the esteem of the public, has been but little heard of since the time of the famous George Cooke. It was revived many years ago at Covent Garden for Charles Young, who was only partially successful in it. The character of Sir Pertinax McSycophant, although it belongs to a large class of *dramatis personæ*, has some peculiar and striking features. Sordid and self-seeking parasite as he is, Sir Pertinax is at least no unconscious and self-deceived hypocrite; for he is not only ready to proclaim his enormities to all from whom he has no interest in hiding them, but ever glories in the avowal, and herein consists the strength as well as originality of the author's sketch. Mr. Phelps's delineation is unquestionably one of his happiest efforts. He gave his son the history of his fortunes, and enforced his *principles* on him, with a *gusto* that elicited incessant laughter and applause. After the paternal denunciation of his refractory pupil, at the end of the fourth act, Mr. Phelps was compelled to step forward

and bow his acknowledgments. Miss Fitzpatrick played with the graceful vivacity which seems natural to her. The comedy is splendidly appointed. The scene of Sir Pertinax's drawing-room is almost *unique* for taste and elegance, without gaudiness.—G.

Provincial.

THE ENGLISH GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION.

READING.—On Monday the 1st instant, the highly gifted company of vocalists, Mrs. Endersohn, Miss M. Williams, Messrs. Lockey, Francis, Land, and H. Phillips, forming the above Union, gave two of their justly celebrated concerts at our Town Hall, which, notwithstanding the severity of the weather, were attended by upwards of 1,400 persons, including the *dile* of the county and town. From such a combination of melodious voices, we anticipated a treat of no ordinary character, but our expectations were more than realized. It has been reserved for the modern *artistes*, fully to develop the numberless beauties of the ancient madrigal, and pure glee, which have laid almost silent, and unsung, during the present century. The morning performance opened with Linley's madrigal, "Let me, careless," in which all the voices were charmingly blended, presenting the first of a succession of pastoral delights, and landscape scenes, depicted in strains of delicious music; then followed three beautiful glees; one of which elicited an encore. The duet of "The Water Nymphs," by Mrs. Endersohn and Miss Williams, opened the second part, and was sung with great effect, followed by the ballad, "Oh! wilt thou be my bride, Kath'leen," pathetically delivered by Mr. Land. Mrs. Endersohn displayed much skill and finish in Hobbs's "Bird of the Greenwood." A new song: "You ask me oft if I forget," by Lockey, showed his fine tenor voice to perfection, and gained a unanimous encore. But the crowning achievement of the solo performances, and the one which made the greatest impression on the audience, was Miss M. Williams's song; "When sorrow sleepeth, wake it not!" composed expressly for her, by Mr. Land. The tender and delicate expression which Miss Williams threw into the opening of this sweet melody, riveted the attention of her hearers, her dulcet tones gradually swelled, until she attained the full force of her vocal powers, in the words "triumphant over woe;" and then, with marked, and beautiful contrast, her voice descended into the softest, and most subdued murmur, on the closing line, "When sorrow sleepeth, wake it not!" producing a charming effect, and a repetition was immediately demanded. The scena; "Revenge, Timotheus cries," delivered by Mr. H. Phillips, in his well known emphatic style, closed the second part. The concluding part comprised three glees, one of which; "The Midge's dance," from its pleasing, and sprightly melody, called forth an encore, and John Barnett's quaint and clever madrigal, "Merrily wake music's measure," terminated this most attractive Morning Concert. The Evening Concert.—At a very early period after the opening of the doors, the Town Hall was rapidly filled. The concert commenced with Gibbons's fine madrigal, "The silver swan," (1600) in which the voices blended in rich, and mellowed harmony. Horsley's "By Celia's arbour," followed, and was re-demanded; then came, perhaps the finest specimen of glee writing extant, wedded to Milton's immortal verse, "Blest pair of Syrens," by Stafford Smith, containing such a succession of beauties, that the audience were in silent admiration throughout the whole, and at the close, burst into the most rapturous applause. In the second part Mr. Francis, who is one of the most pleasing counter-tenors of the present day, sang with peculiar sweetness and taste, the ballad of "The blooming Rose," and was encored. Miss M. Williams repeated, by particular desire, the gem of the morning selection; "When sorrow sleepeth, wake it not!" and produced an effect quite unrivalled. Webb's magnificent glee, "When winds breathe soft," terminated this charming concert, in which the wonderful expression of the finely combined voices perfectly enchanted the audience, who at its close, reiterated their hearty plaudits.—*Reading Mercury*, December 6th.

GLASGOW.—At the Dunlop-street theatre Mr. Sims Reeves and a party of vocalists performed in the Musical Drama during four nights of last week. The operas selected were *Sonnambula*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and the *Bohemian Girl*. We have not space sufficient to enter upon such a critique of these performances as we would like. We must, however state that, in our opinion, Mr. Sims Reeves is much improved as an actor, while his fine voice has rather gained than lost in its force and brilliancy since his last appearance in Glasgow. By the way, we think that it would be as well to leave the low comedy-part of his performance in the *Bohemian Girl* to Mr. Delavanti, who sustained the character of "Devil's Hoof," with much ability, though his tambourine accompaniment belonged rather to the "nigger" line of business than opera buffo. Mrs. Sims Reeves, whose voice is light and weak, sustained the parts of Amina and the *Bohemian Girl*, with considerable grace, though both required more power than she is physically capable of exercising. Mr. Stretton's part in the opera last named was judiciously gone through. The choral party, who are strangers to Glasgow, are well trained, and do their part of the business in an admirable manner. On Saturday evening, however, we observed that the orchestra and the chorus were not so well together as they might have been. In the beginning of one of the choruses the orchestra was a full note before the voices. Mr. Mori, the conductor, soon, however by a few well timed beats of his baton, brought them into accord. We are happy to have it in our power to announce that the operators are to be with us this week, and we will be glad to be able to mention that they have had larger audiences. Such performances were never offered before on such reasonable terms, and they ought to be better attended.—*Glasgow Herald*, Dec. 8.

OXFORD.—(From our Correspondent).—Mr. Marshall's concert at the Star, on the 1st instant, was exceedingly well attended, both as to the number and quality of the audience. Mr. Marshall provided his visitors with a good orchestra, and a programme containing a larger infusion of classical music than is usually found at provincial concerts. The vocalists were Miss Dolby and Miss Messent, Messrs. E. Marshall and Whitehouse, the instrumentalists being Signor Regondi (concertina), and Mr. E. Marshall (flute). Miss Dolby and Miss Messent were the rival—or rather the twin stars of the evening, each receiving an encore almost every time she stepped into the orchestra. In the first act Miss Messent gave Flotow's air from *Stradella*, "Bear witness of my blissful feeling." Flotow does not possess in general much of the *vis musica*. This aria however is elegant and expressive, especially the last movement. Miss Messent did the whole of it ample justice, and was loudly applauded, although it was hardly fair to give her such lack-a-daisical verses to sing. Miss Dolby was encored in Meyerbeer's "Nobil Signor," and in Linley's ballad "Ida." If the words of this song, which contain several graceful lines, are by the composer, they are creditable to his poetic muse. Attwood's trio "The Curfew" followed, and was encored. We must not omit a solo on the concertina by Signor Regondi, who is unquestionably the greatest living performer on this instrument, if that be any consequence.

In the second act, Miss Messent delivered Weber's song "Long I've watched," and, aided by Mr. E. Marshall's flute accompaniment, in spite of the halting verses, obtained an encore for it. After a similar honour had been conferred successively on Mr. E. Marshall and Mr. Whitehouse, and Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," our native queen of the choirs, Miss Dolby, again stepped forward and delivered a ballad of Mr. Marshall's with the deep and round feeling peculiar to her, and in the call for a repetition, substituted "Bonnie Dundee." The admiration of the Oxonians for the fair twin stars of the evening was not yet exhausted. Miss Messent was afterwards called on for a repetition of Mr. Glover's pretty song "Gipsy Jane," and substituting the quaint Scotch "Gin a Bodie," gave the audience such a pleasant taste of her archness and vivacity, that she was also compelled to repeat the latter song. The spirit with which the concert went off, and the crowded state of the room, give favorable augury for the approaching winter season here.

Miscellaneous.

CITY OF LONDON LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION, ALDERSGATE STREET.—(From a Correspondent.)—An Amateur performance of the *Messiah*, was given in the theatre of the above Institution on Monday Evening, Dec. 1st, to celebrate the 7th Anniversary of the United Tradesman's Benefit Society, the Concert being given for the purpose of forming the basis of a superannuating fund, for its aged and decayed members. Upon no occasion since the opening of the Institute, has so large a mass assembled, above 900 persons being present, on the above evening. The chorus and band consisted of about 200 performers. The principal vocalists were Miss Eppy, Miss Roper, Mr. Wallis, Mr. Smith and Mr. Crome. Leader, Mr. Perkins, Trumpet, Mr. Ward, jun., and Conductor, Mr. Coventry. The Orchestra, built expressly for this occasion, deserves especial notice, for its very beautiful and novel appearance. It was designed and executed by one of the society's members, Mr. James Elliott, who, we understand, gave his very valuable and masterly services gratis, to further the interests of the society. To understand well the effect produced we here give a description of the orchestra as well as we are able without a drawing. Upon being viewed from the audience portion of the theatre, the orchestra appeared as if built of oak wood, beautifully carved in relief; but in reality it was only a highly finished painted and paper decoration in the strict gothic order. On the wall at the back was placed an oak painted screen, divided into sixteen panels, the ground of the panels being crimson, each panel containing a shield painted in proper Heraldic colours, every shield being different. Before this screen was placed an Organ case so nicely painted that when an Harmonium was placed in the recess left for the keys—and which was performed upon in a very masterly manner by Mr. Hoskins, Musical Professor, one of the Editors of the "New Theory of Music on the Gene-phonic System,"—no person in the audience could detect it from a real organ; it was one of those deceptions very rarely met with. The galleries on each side were also divided the same as the back, the front of the orchestra being precisely similar. The Conductor's box was one panel elegantly painted and the centre of which contained the arms of the City of London, surmounted in gold letters, by the motto, "Domine dirige nos;" on the frieze at the back also appeared in gold letters on each side of the organ, this motto, "Cast me not off in the time of old age; forsake me not when my strength faileth." The orchestra when lit up and full, was very beautiful, and this short explanation can convey but a slight idea of its novel appearance. The Solos and Choruses were very well rendered, the "Hallelujah" being re-demanded. Another new feature in concert performance, which we have not heard before, was that after the Oratorio the Doxology "Praise God from whom &c." was sung by the four principal vocalists, accompanied by the organist only, and afterwards by the whole band, chorus and audience standing. Its effect can only be compared to the June meeting of the school children in St. Paul's. We sincerely hope the concert realized the object for which it was given.

EXETER HALL.—The first of a series of entertainments, entitled, "Illustrations of the National Music of England," were given on Thursday evening. The vocalists were Miss Dolby, Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss M. Williams, and Mr. Swift. The gentleman made a very respectable *debut*, and sang "By Celia's Arbor" with great applause. Several madrigals were sung, and choruses, together with the usual compliment of solos for the stars. The concert passed off well, and the Hall was tolerably well attended.

MR. ELLA, the enterprising director of the Musical Union, is about to announce a series of six "Musical Winter Evenings," at Willis's Rooms. They commence on the 15th of January, and will be given fortnightly.

MR. WOOLGAR, father to Miss Woolgar, the popular actress of the Adelphi, has presented a farce to Mr. Webster for his approval. The piece is said to be of unusual excellence.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A SUBSCRIBER.—The gentleman's address is, we believe, 69, Great Portland Street.

JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

THE BAL MASQUE.

We have this moment come from the fairy splendours of Drury Lane, "dazzled and drunk with beauty." It is the small hours, and the early waits call, or should call, "past 5 o'clock." We have little inclination to write, and less power to concentrate our mind upon fugitive criticism, after the fiery ordeals through which we have passed. We seem as though we had gone through the Eleusinian Mysteries, and penetrated into their most secret *adyta*. Our brain reels, our senses fail, our eyes grow dim, our hand trembles. Nay, reader, smile not! What, if we have supped with Mr. Gye in his private salon and drank freely of his champagne, can that account for this "wreck of matters and this crush of worlds," or this "crush of matter and this wreck of worlds," or this "crush of worlds and this wreck of matter," we quote Addison—*Cato*, my boy—but are not positive as to the collocation of the words? Sooner than write a line under such circumstances, we would have thrown our gold pen—Mordaunt's—into the fire—no, fire-place—and gone home in a Hansom cab. But what can we do? A column has been left blank—the printer's devil has waited up for the consummation of our article—we are to write about Jullien's masqued ball, and are entreated to say something new.

Something new about Jullien's masqued ball! The only decided novelties we saw at the ball were the Bloomers, who swarmed like bees in the spring time, but their novelty soon died away, and we had to fall back upon raptures of the olden times. What boots it to describe the fairy decorations, and the golden splendours which grew beneath the wand of the magician, hight, Sir Gye? What boots it to write roundly of cupids, flowers, muslin, lace, carpets, festoonery, upholstery, and the emanations of taste? What boots it to dedicate delicate dreamings to general effects, lights and shades, tonings, contrasts, brilliancies, reflections, refractions, and all the prismatic refulgence of the crystal curtain—never more refulgent, or more crystal than now; or what need to expend time, labour, and expletives on what every one has seen, and every one knows?

The Bloomers predominated; but their numbers did not materially interfere with the rich variety of dresses and appointments we were accustomed to see on such Jullien-carnival occasions. Here were captains of all regiments and of no regiments; naval officers of the line and out of all line; pretenders to all periods and no periods; dumb imitators of the drama; silent pleaders; representatives of the middle ages, old and young—these were all of the sex male, no lady being desirous of belonging to the middle age; bearded, semi-bearded, and beardless warriors, tinned as to head and body, booted, spurred, and accoutred; together with Esquimaux, Cherokees, Calmucks, Cossacks, Tartars, Negroes, Red Americans, Yankees, Hindoos, Greeks, Turks, Maltese, Arabs, Chinese, Persians, Indians, Burmese, Romans, Swiss, Dutch, Swedes, New Zealanders, Otaheitans, Jews, Spaniards, Scotch, no Irish—not admitted, by particular desire—Welsh, Italians, Bohemians, Australasians, Mexicans, Hottentots, Caffirs, Malays, Circassians, Hungarians, Russians, Prussians, Poles, Danes, Norsemens, Hanoverians, Brunswickers, Kamschatkans, Caucasians, Egyptians, Syrians, Mahomedans, and Frenchmen of all grades, classes, and ranks, Red-republicans having the advantage. Here were ladies of Piccadilian celebrity, squired by gents, periodically amorous, jubilant, bibulant, and lavish of pounds; light of head, loose of heel, and doubtful in the midst. Here were literaturists, savagely grand, unmasked and in undress, standing aloof, appa-

rently without the least anger, looking on with eyes of condescension, as who should say, "We are the lords, and these be our pastimes! We shall not drown them in our ink, nor spit them on our goose quills! We shall have mercy! Very charming! How do you, old fellow?" Here were men about town, young aspirants for roaring fame, superenjoyous, resilient, and rotatory, making havoc among the dancers, heedless of all, divinely intent upon themselves, and ignorant of the days of the week! Here were middle-aged young boys, late of dinner, port-filled, pot-bellied, high-collared, thin coated, loud, swaggering, self-important, and vivaciously inclined to the allurements of Venus, looking thorough masks and under skirts, peering at lapet holes, mentally measuring circumferences, winking at ankles and sighing at neckties! Here were—but soft—my space is nearly filled, and I have no room for another line! Here, boy! Confound the fellow, he is fast asleep.

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